A

DIALOGUE

Between

Satan and a Young Man.

OR,

Satan's Temptations to Delay Repentance Answered.

27. Novemb. 1699.

By J. J. a Pious Young Divine, For the Benefit of Young Persons.

Satan.

WHat Haste! *Young Man*, why up so soon i'th Morn?

Young Man.

My Work is great, and, to do it I'm Sworn.

Satan.

't is too soon, ly down, and take thy Rest.

Young Man.

My Work is weighty, and I must not Jest.

Satan.

You've Time enough, be grave, Fifty Years hence:

Young Man.

Enough? When Life's a Span! Is that good Sense?

Satan.

Some Nice Preacher hath rais'd those needless Fears

Young Man.

Without such Fears, I'm sure to die with Tears.

Satan.

If you'll believe such Stuff, 'twill make you Mad;

Young Man.

To choose such Madness, I am sure's not bad.

Satan.

Had you not better spend your days in Joys?

Young Man.

'Tis Joy I'd have, therefore I scorn such Toys.

Satan.

Who lives in Joy that takes this uncouth Course?

Young Man.

Tears have their Pleasures, and short Joys are worse.

Satan.

What need you fear? your God hath Mercy store.

Young Man.

Oh blessed Love! then I'll hate Sin the more.

Satan.

If need you must do thus, put off that Sorrow.

Young Man.

God saith *to Day*, I dare not say to Morrow.

Satan.

Ne'er lose thy Youth, nor quench that pleasant Fire.

Young Man.

If that be Loss, such Losses I desire.

Satan.

Come, come, fond Youth, Is no Man wise but you?

Young Man.

Wisdom's but rare, those that be wise are few.

Satan.

A Year or Two's not much, come Tarry, Tarry.

Young Man.

Delay's not good, by that most Men miscarry.

Satan.

Live now in Pleasure, what wilt lose thy Flower?

Young Man.

When Time is past, I can't recal an Hour.

Satan.

Look out i'th' World, who live at such a Rate?

Young Man.

The World is Mad, and will be wise too late.

Satan.

You may reach Home, tho' you set out at Noon.

Young Man.

The Morning's best, Who e'er was good too soon?

Satan.

Age best becomes such Thoughts, let Youth have play.

Young Man.

Venture who will thus, I will live *to day*.

Satan.

When Sickness comes, then think such thoughts as these

Young Man.

Then I can think of nothing else but ease.

Satan.

One Prayer serv'd the Dying Thief at last.

Young Man.

'Tis dang'rous venturing all on one poor Cast.

Satan.

Who saw the Game you hunt, 't is a false Scent.

Young Man.

I'll hunt on still, I'm sure I sha'nt repent.

Satan.

What hazard all on such slight Terms as this?

Young Man.

The World is Trash to this, Give me this Bliss.

Satan.

Then take what follows, you'll become a Scorn,

Young Man.

That Scorn's my Joy, and 'twill my Head adorn.

Satan.

I'll Dogg thee still with Fears, I'll vex thy Mind.

Young Man.

Lord, hear his Threats, I would not have him kind.

Satan.

Go on, Rash Youth, before thy Death, thou't fall

Young Man.

Who told thee so? To Christ for Help I'll call.

I am resolv'd, and in this Mind I'll stand,
Which, that I may, thy Help, Oh Christ, command.

Lord, here's my Heart, 'tis thine, take it to guard,
Give it thy Grace, and then thy Gift reward.

Lord, I am thine, and for thee I was born,
Lord, I am thine, and to thee I am sworn.

Awake, my Soul, what meanst thou still to stay,
God calls, Christ woe's, make haste, make haste away.

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